

THE
L O N D O N
S P Y.

For the Month of July, 1699.

PART IX.

By the Author of the Trip to JAMAICA.



L O N D O N,
Printed and Sold by J. How, in the Ram-Head-Inn-Yard in
Fanchurch-street, 1699.

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All Written by the same Author.

THE LONDON SPY.



S soon as we turn'd out of *Scotland-yard* into the common Road, I espied a famous, Edifice diametrically opposite to the Gate we pass'd thro'; the freshness of the Bricks, and form of which Building, shew it of a Modern Erection? Perpendicularly over the main Door, or Entrance, was plac'd a Golden Anchor, which occasion'd me to enquire of my Friend, to what Publick Use this Noble Fabrick was converted. In answer to which, says he, This is the place where so many Letters have been directed which were put into the Gazette, concerning a discovery of many Abuses and Irregularities committed in His Majesties Navy; and great Encouragements were offer'd to the Authors of those Letters, to Appear and Justifie what Illegal and Unwarrantable Practices they could charge upon any Person or Persons commission'd in that Service under the Government. And pray, said I, what became of that matter at last, about which there was so great a Bussle? You must be careful, says my Friend, how you ask Questions in such Affairs; and it behoves me to be as Cautious how I Answer any. But to divert you from your Enquiries, I'll tell you a Story, viz. *A Merry Cocker, as he sat Sticking in his Stall, was Singing a piece of his his own Composition to Indulge his Chearful Humour, wherein he very often repeated these following Words, viz. The King said to the Queen, and the Queen said to the King: A Passenger coming by, who was mighty desirous of knowing what it was the King and Queen had said to one another, stood listening a considerable time, expecting the Cocker to have gone on with his Ditty, wherein he should have satisfied his Longing Curiosity: But the Musical Translator continu'd a Rehearsal only of the same Words, till he had tired the Patience of his Auditor; who at last stepp'd up to the Stall, and seriously ask'd the Drolling Sole-mender what it was the King said to the Queen, and the Queen to the King? The Busie Crispin Snatches up his Strap, and lays it, with all his Might, cross the Shoulders of the Impertinent Querist, Passionately expressing himself in these Words, viz. How now, Sawce-Box! It's a fine Age we live in, when such Cocks-combs as you must be prying*
 into

into matters of State! I'd have you to know, Sirrah, I am too Loyal a Subject to betray the Kings Secrets; and pray get ye gone, and don't interrupt me in my Lawful Occupation, lest I stick my Aul in your Arse, and mark you for a Fool that meddles with what you have no to do with. *The Cobler being an Old Sturdy Grizzle, the Fellow was forc'd to bear both with this Correction and Reproof: And Shrugging his Shoulders, was glad to sneak off about his Business.* I know, said I, how to apply the Moral of your Story; and shall therefore be very Careful how I trouble you with any such Questions for the future, that are either improper for me to Ask, or inconsistent with your safety to directly Answer.

By this time we were come to the Door of the most Eminent *Coffee-House* at this end of the Town, which my Friend had before propos'd to give me a Sight of. Accordingly we blunder'd thro' a dark Entry, where the Black-guard of Quality were playing their unlucky Tricks, and Damning each other in their Masters Dialect, Arm'd with Flambeaus against the approaching Night, that the Grandure of the Great and Fortunate, may not be hid by Darkeness, but Shine in their proper Sphere above lesser Mortals, by a distinguishable Lustre. At the end of the Entry, we ascended a pair of Stairs, which brought us into an Old-fashion'd Room of a Cathedral Tenement, where a very Gaudy Crowd of Odoriferous *Tom-Essences* were walking backwards and forwards, with their Hats in their Hands, not daring to convert 'em to their intended use, lest it should put the Fore-tops of their Wigs into some disorder. We squeez'd thro' the Fluttering Assembly of Snuffing Peripateticks, till we got to the end of the Room; where, at a small Table, we sat down, and Observ'd, tho' there was abundance of Guests, there was very little to do; for it was as great a Rarity to hear any Body call for a dish of *Politicians Porridge*, or any other Liquor, as it is to hear a *Spunger* in a Company ask what's to Pay, or a *Beau* call for a Pipe of Tobacco; their whole Exercise being to Charge and Discharge their Nostrils; and keep the Curles of their Perriwigs, in their proper Order. The Clacking of their Snush-box-Lids, in opening and shutting, making more Noise than their Tongues; and founded as Terrible in my Ears, as the Melancholy Ticks of so many Death-Watches. Bows and Cringes of the newest Mode, were here exchang'd 'twixt Friend and Friend, with wonderful exactness, being the finest Accademy for a Painter to learn to draw the Sign of the *Salutation* for a Tavern, in the whole Universe. They made a humming like so many Hornets in a Country Chimney, not with their Talking but with their Whispering over their New *Minuets* and *Bories*, with their Hands in their Pockets, if freed from their Snush-Box, by which you might understand they had most of them been Travellers into the *Seven Provinces*, from whence they deriv'd that Custom. Amongst 'em were abundance of Officers, or Men who by their Habit appear'd to be such; but look'd as tenderly, as if they carried their Down Beds with them into the Camp, and did not dare to come out of their Tents in a Cold Morning, till they had Eat a Mess of Plum-Panada for Breakfast, to defend their Stomachs from the Wind. Yet thro' a Principle of undaunted Courage, must signalize their Affections to their Country, in undergoing the Fatigue of a *Flanders Campaign*, to the great terrour of their

their Lady Mothers; and to as much purpose otherways, as if they had spent their time at *Hipollitoes* and the Play-House, or staid at home to have been a *Guard de Core* to the *Bellfa's*, to protect 'em from being Plunder'd of their Virginities by the Town Stallions, which ought to have been preserv'd, as a recompence for those who truly deserv'd their Favours, by hazarding their Lives in the Nations Service; for as nothing more then the Noble Passion of Love will Animate a Soldier with Bravery, so, undoubtedly, is Beauty the greatest Reward of Victory. At the ends of this Principal Room were other Apartments, where, I suppose, the *Beau-Poiltiques* retired upon extraordinary Occasions, to talk Nonfence by themselves about State Affairs, that they might not be Laugh'd at.

Having sat all this while looking about us, like a couple of *Minerva's* Birds among so many *Juno's* Peacocks, admiring their Gait; we began to be thoughtful of a Pipe of Tobacco, which we were not assur'd we could have the Liberty of Smoaking, lest we should offend those sweet-Breath-Gentlemen, who were always running their Notes in the Arse of a *Civet-Cat*. But, however, we ventur'd to call for some Instruments of Evaporation, which were accordingly brought us, but with such a kind of unwillingness, as if they would have much rather been rid of our Company; for their Tables were so very Neat, and shin'd with Rubbing, like the upper Leathers of an Aldermans Shooes, and as brown as the Top of a Country House-Wifes Cupboard. The Floor as clean Swept as a Sir *Courtly's* Dining-Room, which made us look round, to see if there were no Orders hung up to impose the forfeiture of so much *Mop-Money* upon any Person that should Spit out of the Chimney Corner. Notwithstanding we wanted an Example to encourage us in our Porterly Rudeness, we order'd 'em to light the Wax-Candle, by which we ignify'd our Pipes, and blew about our Whiffs with as little concern, as if we had been in the Company of so many Carmen; at which several Sir *Foplings* that were near us, drew their Faces into as many Peevish Wrinkles as the *Beaus* at the *Bow-street* Coffee-house, near *Covent-Garden* did, when the Gentleman in Masquerade came in amongst 'em with his Oyster-Barrel Muff, and Turnip-Buttons, to ridicule their Foppery. But, however, we (regardless of their grimaces, by which they exprest'd their Displeasure) puff'd on our unfavory Weed, till we had clear'd one corner of the Room, and separated the *Beaus* from the more Sociable Party, and made 'em fly to a great Window next the Street, where there was such Snifing and Snuffing, that the rest of the Company could scarce keep their Countenances.

Just in this Interim, whilst the Gaudy knot of Effeminate *Philoginians* were looking into the Street, who should chance to come by, on the other side the Way, but the old Dumb *Father-Red-Cap*, who casting up his Eyes, and espying such a parcel of Elegant Figures standing at the Window, made a full stop over-against the Coffee-house, and began according to his Custome, to show his Antick Postures, and Buffoonery-Actions, Dancing the Soldiers Dance, and playing abundance of Fools Pranks, to engage Passengers to tarry and behold his Apish Gestures; and when he had Collected a Promiscuous Multitude of Trades-men, Soldiers, Porters, Chimny-Sweepers and Footmen, round about him, he

fronts his Flaxen-Wigg'd Spectators at the Coffee-house who were stroaking down their stragling Hairs, and sweetening the Common-Shore of their insipid Brains by their several Fumigations, and begins to mimick the *Beau*, rendering himself immediately so intelligible to the Rabble, by his apt Signs and ridiculous Postures that the Crowd set up a hollow, and the Eyes of the whole Mob were directed to our squeamish *Tobacco-Haters*: Whilst the poor Deaf Comedian perceiving the Mob well pleas'd, persisted in his Whim, and Buffoon'd with excellent Humours the Strut, the Toss of the Wig, the Carriage of the Hat, the Snush-Box, the Guiding of the Foretop, the Hanging of the Sword, and to each Action form'd so suitable a Face, that the most Grave Spectator could not forbear Laughing. This put our Orangery Sparks to the Blush, and made them retire from their Casements: By which time our Smoaking had given encouragement to others to pluck out their Boxes, and betake themselves to the like Exercise, that we Smoak'd the *Beaus* almost as bad as unlucky School-Boys us'd to do the *Coblers*, till they sneak'd off one by one, and left behind 'em more agreeable Company. We could then discern there were some Great Men by the Grandure of their Looks, the Awfulness of their Presence, and Gracefulness of their Deportment. And several Officers with Old English Aspects, whose Marshall Faces were adorn'd with weather-beaten Wrinkles, cross'd with Hacks and Scars, those rugged Beauty Spots of War, which they wore as true marks of their undaunted Bravery. Having by this time ended our Pipes, we wound up our Diversion with a Fashionable Mess of *Turkish* Sobriety; after which we Scribbled down these following Lines in a Slate-Book, and so departed.

*Here Persons who for Places Wait,
Their Faithless Courtiers greet:
And Men of Sence, made Fools by Fate,
Their Crafty Patrons meet.*

*Here Pension'd Spies, like Saints appear,
Who do Mens Hearts inspect;
And whisper in the States-man Ear,
What they abroad Collect.*

*Here News by subtle Tongues is spread,
To try the Listening Crowd;
But what is Truth's a Secret made,
Whilst Lyes are Talk'd aloud.*

*Beau Fools in Clusters here Resort,
And are so sawcy grown,
They'll ask my Lord, What News from Court?
Who Smiles, and Answers, None.*

*To be Inform'd few caring less;
But ask, as 'tis the Mode;
No Knowledge seek, but how to Dress;
Their Taylor is their God.*

Here

*Here Flatterers meet their Empty 'Squires;
And praise their shallow Sence;
The Idiot in return admires
His fawning Eloquence.*

*And that he further may Enjoy
A Man of such Desert,
He steps to Lockets, cross the Way,
And Treats him with a Quart.*

*The Gamester does this Bubble set;
And seems his mighty Friend;
Hence draws him to a Tavern Treat,
That's Fatal in the end.*

*Both such who Serve and Plague the State,
Do hither make their Way;
And Crowds of Humane Vultures wait,
To Catch their Silly Prey.*

Having now squeez'd back thro' a long dark Entry full of Rascally Skip-Jacks, into the open Street, my Friend bid me take Notice of two great Taverns on the other side the Way. In those Eating-Houses, says he, as many Fools Estates have been Squander'd away, as ever were swallow'd up by the Royal-Oak-Lottery; for every Fop, who with a small Fortune attempts to Counterfeit Quality, and is Fool enough to bestow Twenty Shillings worth of Sawce upon Ten Penny worth of Meat, resorts to one of these Ordinaries; where a Man that's as Rich as *Cressus* may out-live *Heliogabalus*, and spend more Money upon a Dinner, than a Sergeant at Law can get in a whole Issuable Term.

As we were thus talking, a Squadron of Horse march'd by in order to relieve the Guard; my Friend ask'd me my Opinion of their appearance, and how I liked the Sight of so many brave English-men on Horse-back; which, says he, has not been seen in these Parts, till of late, this many Years? Truly, said I, I think they look more like Soldiers, and become their Post much better in their Old Coats, then the Butter-boxes did in all their Finery; and indeed it's more Natural for us to think they would do their own Country greater Service upon occasion, and would hazard their Lives with more heartiness, than it is reasonable to expect any Foreigners would do for us. *Dutch-Men*, for ought I know, may Fight in defence of *Holland*, or a *French-Man* for the Security of his own Nation: But when ever the Necessities of *England* shall force her upon either of their Assistances, she will find to her Sorrow, she has but a broken Reed to rely on.

By this time they were pass'd by us, so we mov'd on till we came to the *Subteranian* Ware-house of an Eminent Dealer in Old Boots, Shooes and Slippers, Spurs, Spatter-dashes, and Gambages; the front of his Translating Cavern, being adorn'd with sundry sorts of Leathern-Conveniences, that I could not but think he was the only Humane Farrier,

Farrier, appointed to Shooe all the inferi our Quality at this end of the Town. My Friend and I having propos'd, some time before, in a few days, to Ride down to *Tunbridge*, the well-furnish'd Palace of this *Coblerious Caesar*, put us in mind of laying hold of this Opportunity, to fit our selves with some Accouterments at best hand, of which we were destitute; accordingly we descended to the Cabbin, by very steep Gradations, with abundance of caution, where otherwise the Hillocks of Dirt upon the Stairs, for want of the use of a Pairing-shovel, might have endanger'd our Necks; and the Jamb above us, without Humbling our Carcasses, threaten'd us with a Broken Head; but with Care and Gentleness we got safe to the Bottom, where the Grizly *Crepidarian* sat Uniting of Dissenting Soles, who by their Stubborn Disagreeableness, had broke the Threds of Unity, and separated themselves, to their Makers dishonour, from their upper Leathers: As soon as he saw us, he bid us Welcome, Dismounting his Glass Adjutants, who Rid a Cock-horse on his Nose, lays by his Work with as much chearfulness as an Old Whore does the Practice of Piety, upon the reception of a Visitant; and ask'd us, *What we wanted?* We told him Boots; who presently furnish'd us with all sorts and sizes; amongst which parcel, after a little search, we pitch'd upon such that pleas'd us, and sat down upon a Stool hew'd out of the whole Timber for Durations Sake, in order to try 'em on; in which interval, a Ragged *Irish-man* (which in this Town is said to be a wonder) came down and desir'd him, in his Irish Accent, to show him a Pair of Shooes; *Crispin* being a little busie in giving us his Attendance, believing us the better Customers, happen'd thro' Carelessness to hand him a couple of Shooes which were not Fellows, *Teague* draws on one, and it fitted him very well, but when he try'd the other, he found it was much too little, and quite of another sort; *By my Shoul, dear Joy*, says he, *the Mans Futs that wore these Brogues were not Fellows: Prithee let me see another Pair.* The *Cobler* looking upon the Shooes, and finding his mistake, and casting his Eye upon the Fellows Feet, discover'd his Stockins to be of different Colours: *I thought Master*, says he, *you would have had your Shooes as you have your Stockins, one of one sort, and one of another; but however, if these wont do, I'll see further if I can fit you.* Accordingly hands him another Pair with the Toe of one (as is usual) thrust into the other. The *Irish-man* puts on his old Shooes again, in a great Passion, and takes his leave in these Words, *By Chreest and Shaint Patrick, ye are a Sheating Kenave. De you tink E will buy a Pair of Brogues dat tde Little one ish big enough to hold tde Great one in ish Bally? How, by my Shoul, can you tink dey will fit my Futs, dat are bott' of a smallness?* And away he trips up Stairs in his aged Pumps, made Sandals by much wearing, that they were forc'd to be Lac'd on with Pack-thread; and so march'd off in a great fury, to relieve his Pedestals, at the next Conveniency, leaving us to Chatter with our Droling *Mundungus* Puffer, who fitted us with what we wanted, at reasonable Rates, like a Man of Conscience, without using half so many Lyes and Canting Reservations as a Sober Citizen in his Shop, but gave us a hearty Welcome into the Bargain; and so we parted.

When we had Crawl'd up again into the Street, like a couple of Gentlemen Soldiers out of *Two-penny Ordinary*, the first Object with which our Eyes were Veted, was the Brazen Statue of that Pious Prince King *Charles* the First on Horse-back, whose Righteous Life, Unhappy

happy Reign, unjust Sufferings, unparallel'd Martyrdom, shall bury Monuments, out-live Time, and stand up with Eternity: I could not without the highest Concern, and deepest Reflections on his great Misfortunes, behold the Image of that Good Man, in whose Artful Effigy may be seen the Piety, Majesty, Mercy, Patience and Innocency of the Matchless Original, the Causeless Disturbance of whose Reign, and the Barbarous Usages of whose Person, will stick as Thorns, I hope, in the sides of Faction, till they are Crush'd into that Anarchy, from whence they had their first beginning. Thus did we stand a while Ruminating upon the sad Catastrophe of this unhappy Prince, till at last his Venerable Statue inspir'd me with these following Lines, which I hope the Unprejudic'd Reader will Receive with Candour.

*Great were thy Wrongs, thy Patience still as great;
When Faction Rul'd the Church, and Knaves the State;
Hard were thy People's Hearts, but harder yet thy Fate.*

*Balm thou applyd'st, while they still vex'd thee sore,
The more their Crimes, thy Mercy grew the more;
Thy God-like mind was Rich, altho' thy Treasure Poor.*

*The Laws they smother'd in Rebellious Night,
And trod dark Paths, whilst thou pursu'dst the Light,
As they encreas'd their Shame, thy Glories shone more bright.*

*Had'st thou in Rage thy Victories pursu'd,
And took delight in shedding Rebels Blood,
Thoud'st been secure; but wer't alas, too Mild and Good.*

*Contempt of all thy Favours they return'd;
Tawn'd at thy Power, and at thy Person spurn'd;
Merry o'er others Spoils, whilst all true Subjects Mourn'd.*

*The Canting Pulpiteer, by Dreames made Wise,
Turn'd Gospel Truths into Audacious Lies;
And taught the Blood of Kings a holy Sacrifice.*

*Unlearn'd Mechanicks, full of nought but Noise,
Were turn'd, thro' Grace, Expounders of the Laws,
And justify'd Rebellion to be Heavens Cause.*

*When Right, thro' want of due Assistance fail'd,
And Wrong, thro' mis-led Multitudes prevail'd,
The Trayt'rous Torrent grew too strong to be Repell'd.*

*Thus the Mad Crow'd, who could no Ills Foresee,
Of all Restraint endeavouring to be Free,
Took off thy Head, because themselves would Headless be.*

From Charing-Crofe we turn'd up towards the Strand, at the Entrance of which, I observ'd an Ancient Stone Fabrick, in the Front of it I beheld, with satisfaction, the handy-work of our Fore-Fathers, in
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whose fully'd Antiquity I could discern much more Beauty than my Genius can discover in any Modern Building. What a thousand Pities, said I, is it that so Noble a Palace, which appears so Magnificent and Venerable, should not have the old Hospitality continued within-side, answerable to its outward Grandure. Truly, says my Friend, it is a great Scandal to the present Age, That Quality should so Degenerate from their Ancestors; and instead of imitating the Liberality of their Grandfathers, in Relieving the Distresses of their Neighbours, Supplying the Wants of their Poor Friends and Relations, and (to the Honour of themselves and Country) giving Charitable Entertainments to Strangers and Travellers, now squander away their Estates in Whoring, Gaming, and External Foppery, to the disgrace of so Flourishing a Nation, the Scandal of that Dignity to which God hath rais'd 'em, and to the Ruin of Themselves and Families. For it may be Observ'd, that when Great Men, who are indeed no more than Heavens Stewards for the Poor, discharg'd their Duty to those unhappy Wretches, who by the disabilities of Nature, or the Contingent Mutabilities of this Life, were reduc'd to Necessity, they added to their own Fortunes, by an Improvement of their Estates; and whilst they supported in their Houses a Commendable Hospitality, they were always attended with such Prosperity, that their Riches were preserv'd by Providence from any Chance or fatal Devastation. Whereas I could instance on the contrary (could it be done without Reflection) many Families now in being, who are brought to Beggary from very Plentiful Estates, who neither signaliz'd their Loyalty to the Crown, their Affection to their Country, their Kindness to their Low Relations, their Charity to the Poor, or Good to the Publick, by any expensive Act, as ever was made manifest, but worm'd out of their Patrimony by the fraud of Gamesters, the subtleness of Lewd Women, Emulation of Gaity, and the Treacherous Delusions of Hyppocrites and Flatterers. Methinks, said I, you have Preach'd a very Notable Sermon; this would rather have become the Mouth of a *Clergy-man*, than a Man of your Youth and Airiness. You must consider, says he, we *Libertines* have our Sober Intervals, as well as the Grave *Puritan* in private has his Comfortable Refreshments; for the difference between us, lies only in this particular, We Do seldom what they Practice, and they Practice seldom, what we often Do.

We mov'd on along the *Strand*, as Leisurely as a couple of *Vallet de Chambres* out of Place, in search of a Dinner; meeting nothing remarkable till we came to the *New-Exchange*, into which *Seraglio* of Fair Ladies, we made our Entrance, to take a pleasing view of the Cherubimical Lasses, who, I suppose had Drest Themselves up for Sale, to the best advantage, as well as the Fopperies and Toys they Deal in; and indeed, many of them look'd so very Amiable, so inticingly Fair, that had I been happily furnish'd with some superfluous Angels, I could willingly have dealt among the Charming Witches, for some of their Commodities; but as Curs'd *Corns* have short Horns, I could only Walk by, and Lick my Lips at their handsome Faces, as a Hungry Beggar, when he stares into Cooks Shops as he Stroles down *Pigg-Hill*; and was forc'd so to content my self. The chiefeft Customers, I observ'd they had, were *Beaus*, who I imagin'd, were Paying a double Price for Linnen, Gloves, or Sword-knots, to the prettiest of the Women, that they might

go from thence and Boast among their Brother Fops, what singular Favours and great Encouragements they had receiv'd from the Fair Lady, that Sold 'em. Finding nothing else amongst 'em worth observing, I digested a little of their Shop-Language into a Song, and so proceeded.

*Fine Lace or Linnen Sir,
Good Gloves or Ribbons here;
What is't you please to Buy-Sir?
Pray what d'ye ask, for this?
Ten Shillings is the Price;
It Cost me Sir, no less,
I Scorn to tell a Ly-Sir.*

*Madam, what is't you want,
Rich Fans, of India Paint?
Fine Hoods or Scarfs, my Lady?
Silk Stockins, will you Buy,
In Grain or other Die?
Pray Madam, please your Eye;
I've Good as e'er was made-ye.*

*My Lady, feel the Weight,
They're Fine, and yet not Slight,
I'd with my Mother trust-'em;
For Goodness and for Wear,
Madam, I Vow, and Swear,
I show'd you this same Pair,
In hopes to gain your Custome.*

*Pray tell me in a Word,
At what you can afford,
With Living gain to Sell-'em;
The Price is One Pound Five,
And as I hope to Live,
I do my Profit give,
Your Honour's very Welcome.*

*Knives, Penknives, Combs or Scissars,
Tooth-Pickers, Sirs, or Tweesers,
Or Walking Canes, to Ease-ye.
Ladies d'ye want fine Toys,
For Misses, or for Boys?
Of all sorts, I have Choice,
And pretty things to please-ye.*

*I want a little Babe,
As pretty a one as may be,
With Head-Dress, made of Feather,
And now I think again,
I want a Toy from Spain,
You know what 'tis I mean:
Pray send 'em home together.*

Having

Having taken a Satisfactory survey of this Jilts Academy, where Girles are admitted at Nine Year Old, and Taught by Eleven, to out-Charter a Magpie, out-Wit their Parents, and by the the improving Instructions, and taking Example of their kind Mistresses and Neighbouring Correspondents, are made as Forward and as Ripe in thought before they are out of their Hanging-sleeves, as a Country Wench is at Five and Twenty.

We then took our Leaves of this Cloister of kind Damfels, so turn'd up by the *Half-Moon-Tavern*, and proceeded towards *Covent-Garden*, where we over-took abundance of Religious Lady-birds, Arm'd against the Assaults of *Satan*, with *Bible* or *Common-Prayer-Book*, marching with all Goodspeed to *Covent-Garden-Church*; Certainly, said I, the People of this Parish are better Christians than ordinary, for I never observed upon a Week Day, since I came to *London*, such a Sanctified Troop of Females flocking to their Devotions, as I see at this part of the Town. These, says my Friend, are a Pious sort of Creatures that are much given to go to Church, and may be seen there every Day at Prayers, as Constantly as the Bell rings; and if you were to walk the other way you might meet as many Young-Gentlemen, from the *Temple* and *Grays Inn*, going to Joyn with them in their Devotions; we'll take a Turn into the Sanctuary amongst the rest, and you shall see how they behave themselves: Accordingly we step'd into the Rank, amongst the Lambs of Grace, and enter'd the Tabernacle with the rest of the Saints, where we found a parcel of very Handsome Cleanly well-Drest Christians, as a Man would desire to Communicate with, of both Sexes, who stood Ogling one another with as much Zeal and Sincerity, as if they Worship'd the Creator in the Creature, and Whispering to their next Neighbours, as if according to the Text, they were confessing their Sins to one another; which I afterwards understood, by my Friend, was only to make Assignations; and the chief of their Prayers, says he, are that Providence will favour their Intrigues. When the Parson had made an End of what with much Earnestness, to little purpose, he had con'd over to his amorous Congregation, we made our *Exit* from thence, and went thro' the Market, where a parcel of Jolly Red-Fac'd Dames in Blew Aprons, and Straw-Hats, sat selling of their Garden-Ware; who stunk so of Brandy, Strong-Drink, and Tobacco, that the fumes they belch'd up, from their overcharg'd Stomachs, o'ercame the Fragrancy that arose from their Sweet Herbs and Flowers: This Market, says my Friend, and that Church, hides more faults of kind Wives and Daughters, among the Neighbouring Inhabitants, than the pretended Visits either to my Cousin at t'other end of the Town, or some other distant Acquaintance: For if the Husband asks, *Where have you been, Wife?* or the Parent, *Where have you been, Daughter?* The Answer, if it be after Eleven in the Forenoon, or between Three and Four in the Afternoon, is, *At Prayers*: But if Early in the Morning, then their excuse is, *I took a Walk to Covent-Garden-Market, not being very Well, to refresh my self with the Scent of the Herbs and Flowers*; Bringing a Flower, or a Sprig of Sweet Bryar, home in her Hand, and it confirms the matter.

Now, says my Friend, we are so near, I'll carry you to see the *Hum-mums*, where I have an honest old Acquaintance, that is a Cupper, and

and if you will be your Club towards Eight Shillings, we'll go in and Sweat, and you shall feel the effects of this Notable Invention: With all my Heart, said I, you know, I am always conformable to whatever you propose; so accordingly he Conducted me to the House, thro' which we pass'd into a long Gallery, where my Friends Acquaintance receiv'd him with much Gladness; I had not walk'd above once the length of the Gallery, but I began to find my Self as warm as a Cricket at an Oven's Mouth: My Friend telling him we design'd to Sweat, he from thence introduc'd us into a Warmer Climate. Pray Friend, said I, what Latitude do you think we are in now? You must consider, says he, we are making a short Cut to the *East-Endies*, and are now in about Twenty Three and Thirty, that's just under one of the *Tropicks*; but this heat is nothing to what you'll find when you come under the Equinoctial, where I can assure you we shall find ourselves in a very little Time. We now began to unstrip, and put our selves into a Condition of enduring an Hours Baking, and when we had reduc'd our selves into the Original state of Mankind, having nothing before us to Cover our Nakedness, but a Clout no bigger than a Figleaf, our Naked Guide led us to the end of our Journy, the next Apartment, which I am sure, was as hot as a Pastry-Cooks Oven to Bake a White-Pot, that I am sure, I began immediately to melt, like a piece of Butter in a Basting-Ladle, that I was afraid, I should have run all to Oyl by that time I had been in six Minutes; the bottom of the Room was Pav'd with Free-Stone; to defend our Feet from the excessive Heat of which, we had got on a pair of new-fashion'd *Brogues*, with Wooden Soles, after the *French* Mode, Cut out of an Inch Deal Board, or else like the Fellow in the *Fair*, we might as well have walk'd cross a Hot Iron-Bar, as ventur'd here, to have Trod bare-Foot; as soon as the Fire had lapt us all over, and we began to run like a Conduit-Pipe, at every Pore, our Rubber arms his Right Hand with a Gauntlet, of course hair Camblet, and began to curry us with as much Labour, as a *Yorkshire-Groom* does his Masters best Stone-Horse; till he made our Skins as Smooth, as a Fair Ladies Cheeks, just wash'd with *Lemon-Poffet*, and greas'd over with *Pomatum*: At last, I grew so very Faint, with the expence of much Spirits, that I beg'd as hard for a Mouthful of fresh Air, as *Dives* did for a drop of Water; which at last, was let in at a Sash-Window, no broader than a *Deptford* Cheese-cake; but however, it let in a Comfortable Breeze that was very Reviving: When I had foul'd about as many Callico Napkins, as a Child does double Clouts in a Week, our Attendant draws a Cystern full of Hot Water, that we might go in, and Boil out those gross Humours that would not be Emitted by Perspiration. Thus almost Bak'd to a Crust, we went into the hot Bath to moisten our Clay, where we lay sodenning ourselves like *Deer's*, Humbles design'd for Minc'd-Pies, till we were almost Parboil'd; I talking by Accident of a Pain that sometimes affected my Shoulder, occasion'd by a fall from my Horse, my Friend, by all means advis'd me to be Cup'd for it, telling me 'twas the best Operation in the World, for the removal of all such Grievances; being an utter Stranger to this sort of *Phlebotomy*, was a little unwilling to undergo the experience of it; but by the Perswasions of my Friend, and my Friend's Friend, I at last consented, upon which the Operator fetch'd in his Instruments, and fixes three Glasses at my Back, by drawing out the Air, which stuck to me as close as

a *Cantharides*-Plaister to the Head of a Lunatick, and Suck'd as hard as so many Leeches at a Wenches Fundament, troubled with the *Hemorhoides*, till I thought they would have Crept into me, and have come out on t'other side, when by Virtue of this *Hocus Pocus* Stratagem, he had Conjur'd all the ill Blood out of my Body, under his Glafs Juggling-Cups, he plucks out an ill-favour'd Instrument, at which I was as much frightened, as an absconding Debter is at the Sight of a Bill of *Middlesex*, takes off his Glasses, which had made my Shoulder as weary as a Porters Back under a heavy Burthen, and begins to Scarifie my Skin, as a Cook does a Loin of *Pork* to be Roasted; but with such Ease and Dexterity, that I could have suffer'd him to have Pink'd me all over as full of Eylet-holes, as the Taylor did the Shooemakers Cloak, had my Malady requir'd it, without Flinching; when he had drawn away as much Blood as he thought Necessary, for the removal of my Pain, he cover'd the Places he had Carbonaded, with a new Skin, provided for that purpose, and heald the Scarifications he had made in an Instant, then taking me up like a Scalded Swine, out of my Greasie Broth, and after he had wip'd o'er my Wet Buttocks with a dry Clout, telling us we had Sweat enough, he reliev'd us out of our Purgatory, and carried us back into our Dressing Room, which gave us such Refreshment, after we had been thus long stewing in our own Gravy, that we thought our selves as happy as a Couple of *English* Travellers, Transported in an Instant, by a miracle from the *Torrid Zone*, into their own Country. Our expence of Spirits, had weakned Nature and made us drowsie; where having the conveniency of a Bed, we lay down and were rubb'd like a couple of Race Horses, after a Course, till we were become as Cool as the Affections of a Passionate Lover after a Nights Enjoyment. When we had refresh'd our feeble Carcasses, by a plentiful dram of Doctor *Stephens* Cordial, so full of Gold, that it look'd as tempting as Gilded *Ginger-bread*, to the Eyes of a froward Infant, and had taken an hours repose, to reconcile the fermented Humours of our Bodies to their orderly Motion, we then got up, and began to cover our Indecencies, with those Habiliments the Taylor had contriv'd to hide our Nakedness; to put on which to the best advantage, our Rubber gave us his Assistance, during which time he also entertain'd us with several delightful Stories; which he told in such apt Words, and with such agreeable Humour, that he made my Guts Shake with Laughing, like a Trodden Quagmire: And that the Reader may be partaker of our Mirth, I have here made a recital of some of his short Comedies, in which himself was the principal Actor.

It happen'd says, he not long ago, that a very fine Lady of the Town, came in to clean her Skin, and supple her Industrious Joints, as I suppose, and make her tender Limbs the more Pliable, and fit for the exercises of Love, which she was doubtless that Night to be engag'd in: Being at the Charge of a Crown Bath Extraordinary, Enrich'd with Essences and Sweet-Herbs, to add such a fragrancy to her Body, that might render her most Purescent parts, as Sweet as a Calves Nostril; when she had put herself into this Order, and made herself a suitable Companion for the Nicest Bedfellow, she commanded her little *Mercury* that attended her, to call a Coach, and away she went. Immediately after, came in a very Topping *Beau* from the Tavern, pretty well Loaded with
Wine,

Wine, and using to Sweat in the Room which the Lady had just quitted, being very Humoursome, would not be perswaded to go into any other; so that they were forc'd to show him the same Apartment. One of the Rubbers going into the hot Room where the Gentleman was to Sweat, and turning one of the Cocks, found that the Stoaker had been Negligent, and that the Hot-Water was all Run off, who being gone out a Fuddling, they knew not what shift to make to draw a fresh Bath; and at last found they had no way left, but to make the Ladies Bath serve again: So that they were forc'd to deceive the Gentleman, by telling him there was an extraordinary Bath, preserv'd with Sweet-Herbs, for a Person of Quality, who had sent to bespeak the Room Hot; the time being relaps'd, they believ'd my Lady would not come, and that it was great pity to let it run off without use, which if he pleas'd to accept on, he might have, without Paying any more than the Common Rates of the House; the Gentleman very well pleas'd with so kind a proffer, very gladly consented to make use of it, and after he had Sweated a little, went into it, the Rubber fishing for the Herbs to Scowre the Gentlemans Skin, happen'd to feel something amongst 'em, that felt very soft and Pappy, who turning his Head aside, and smelling to his Fingers, found 'twas some unfavory Lees, which chanc'd to drop thro' the Bung-hole of that Mortal Cask which had before been rinsed in the same Water; the Rubber in a sad Agony began to be thoughtful of an Excuse, in case the Gentleman should discover it, fearing the affront might Agravate him to do him a Mischief; at last the Gentleman looking about him, saw the remains of her cleanly Ladyship in his Bath? *What a Plague*, says he, *Is this Nastiness, that is Swimming amongst the Herbs?* Sir, says the Rubber, it is nothing but Italian Paste, which is accounted the most excellent thing to cleanse and make smooth the Skin Imaginable, and it is what my Mistress cannot afford to use but in an extraordinary Bath, which are paid for above the common Rates of the House. *Prithee, Friend*, says the Gentleman, *if it be so good for the Skin, Rub me well with it;* but *Egad*, says he, *in my mind it looks as like a Sir-reverence, as ever I see any thing in my Life.* Ay, Sir, says the Servant, *so it does; but it is an incomparable thing to wash with, for all it looks so nastily; and is a compound of the richest Gums, and best Castile-Sope boild up together, that can be bought for Money.* Pray, says the Beau, *take a little Pains with me, and Rub me all over with it very Well.* *Who is it that makes it?* I'll buy some for my Hands. It is made Sir, repels the Rubber, by a Gentlewoman in this Town, but where she Lives I cannot tell; my Mistress, were she nigh, could inform you: But she went into the City to Dinner, and is not return'd yet. Thus my Comrade that attended him, by the good Management of his Tongue, brought off the Mischance cleverly without Discovery. The Perfumes and Sweet-Herbs in the Bath overpowering the Scent, that the Gentleman, tho' he Nos'd it, being amongst such a mixture of Effluvias, that it confounded his smelling, and render'd him incapable of distinguishing a fair Ladies Sir—nce, from the Excrement of a Civet-Cat; but rise out of his Bath extreamly pleas'd, and gave him that attended him Half a Crown for his extraordinary Care and Trouble, so march'd away with great Satisfaction.

Having thus concluded his former Story, he proceeded to the latter, viz. A Gentleman of Fortune one day lying under a shrewd suspicion of

of Debt, was dog'd by a Bayliff into our House, who came to the door whilst the Gentleman was sweating, and ask'd for him; and one of the Rubbers by chance opening the door, happen'd to know his Calling, and comes in to the Gentleman and tells him a Fellow wanted to speak with him at the door, pretending from such a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, and that he knew him to be a *Bayliff*: The Gentleman thank'd him kindly for his Information, and put it into his head to get him in, and punish him a little in one of the hot Rooms; accordingly my fellow Servant went back to the *Moabite*, and told him that the Gentleman was within, and desir'd him to come to him: So conducts the *Debter-Snapper*, who was ready arm'd with his Legal Authority, into an Anti-Room of the Next Apartment to the Gentleman, where he bids him wait a little, and the Gentleman would come to him presently: In the mean while my fellow Servant came to me and the Stoaker, to consult after what manner we should punish him. I, like a good Projector of Unluckiness, told him my advice was for us to put on our Callico Gowns with the Hoods over our Heads, and dignifie our Faces with burnt Cork, and as frightfully as we can, Arm our selves with Fire-weapons out of the Kitchen; so enter upon him altogether, seize him, and carry him into the hot-Room, and there torment him as we shall think fit. Accordingly we put our selves into this order, rush'd in upon him, and forc'd him into the hot-Room: The fellow coming in the Piazza-way, was wholly Ignorant what place it was, but took it by the front to be a Gentlemans House; but feeling the excessive heat, and seeing himself in the hands of so many ill-look'd Goblins, arm'd with a great Beef-Spit and Fire-Fork, began to roar out like a stuck Bacon-Hog; and fancy'd himself in Hell. Then in a hoarse Voice, said I to my Brother Infernals, *First let us Bake him, and then Boil him*; To which my Comrade with the Spit, added, *And then I'll have him Roasted*. Which terrible Sentences, so frightened the *Disturber of Humane Quiet*, in this new State of Damnation, That he fell into a Swoon, that we were forc'd to put him into a cold Bath to fetch him to Life again. Who when he recover'd, look'd as Wild as a Lunatick at full of the Moon; and then cry'd out as much against the Cold, as he did before against the Heat. Upon which, we let run the Cock of Hot-water, till we had almost par-boil'd him: Then he fell into a Second Fit, that we were forc'd to take him out of the Bath, and carry him into the Anti-Room for fear he should have Dy'd: Where we shav'd one side of his Head and Beard, and fix'd on a couple of Cupping-horns (which we sometimes use) upon his Fore-head; so carry'd him to the back-Door, and turned him a Drift: Who was so Rejoyced, that he found Redemption from the Devils Clutches, that away he run as fast as a Thief with a Booty; and after him all the Mob, and Boys, in the street, crying out, *A Mad Cuckold! A Mad Cuckold!* And telling the Gentleman what we had done, he return'd us hearty thanks, and was mightily pleas'd at our Unluckiness.

F I N I S.